

## IMMORTAL PEA AND THIMBLE.

## EX-ALDERMAN POOLE IS A-EDUCATING OF HIS SON.

Rubs It In on the Boy, Wife Presented All His Plunks to a Thimble-Engro Coming Back From the McGovern-Nelson Fight—More Victims Than One That Day.

Pierce N. Poole, who was an Alderman until Hearst raided the East Side and added his soup to the M. O. L. collection, stood at the bar of his café in Grand street near the ferry yesterday and regarded his son George thoughtfully. George evaded the paternal glance and walked to the back of the saloon where Tomato Face Tom Smith and the Meathound were taking their beer.

"Take it from me," said Mr. Poole, "not as an Alderman, understand, but as a father, there are some things you can't drive into a boy's head. He's got to get 'em by experience, and if the experience costs him enough in dollars and joshing it may do a heap of good."

"There's a pretty wise lot of kids over in this section; most of them are too blamed wise. They think they know it all. They know more about doping out the ponies than Riley or Frannan did, and they can trim the handbook man five days out of the week. They pick up the great American national game about as soon as they get out of the cradle, and they know when to come into a pot and what's more important, when to look pleasant and stay out. There isn't a con man along Broadway, now that Larry Summerfield's retired to the country, that could haul them the bunk, and they're wise to a thousand tricks that a real bright city kid picks up as soon as he hits the street."

"But say, take 'em out of Manhattan and they're like a lot of innocent lambs. They're a mark for the reubenest rube that ever came from Jersey. You wouldn't think that a Grand street bunch would fall for a shell game, and fall hard, would you? Well, they did."

"It seems that a week ago last Wednesday morning Blind John O'Neil, who sells papers at the Williamsburg Bridge entrance, straggled into Poole's place with Ben Wetzel, the butcher, known to Grand street as The Meathound. Tomato Face Tom Smith came in presently and Big Hen Leuse joined the collection when the rush for papers at the Grand street ferry was over. George Poole was tending bar."

"John, let's go to Philly and see Terry McGovern knock the block off Nelson," said George.

"It wouldn't do me no good. I couldn't see 'em scrap," said the blind man.

"We'll stay with you and put you wise to every punch," said Tomato Face.

They were full of pride in Terry, because they knew him as a kid in the Seventh ward, and most of them had scraped with the Terrible One at one time or another. They fixed it up to go and see that Grand street was properly represented at the ringside.

There was plenty of money in the crowd. The butcher is well fixed and the news-dealers make \$50 or \$60 a week out of the papers right along. When they counted up, there was over \$400 in the crowd. They knocked off work, put on their good clothes and started for Philadelphia, stopping at Pat Farley's in the Bowery, the Metropole and a few other first-class hotels.

They got five tickets from speculators outside the National Athletic Club, giving up \$400 for the seats with a murmur. "John had the time of his life," said George.

"It was just as good as seeing the fight," he said. "The bunch played on me like a drum, using their hands and feet. Terry hit the Dane and Nelson smashed Terry. I had it on 'em at that, because my ears told me every time just what barn a bunch did at the time of his life."

There was plenty of money left in the crowd even after they got through celebrating Terry's staying six rounds, the butcher having a roll as big as his arm and the rest being pretty well fixed. On the train coming back they spotted a mild little man in a rear seat who was watching himself with a square of white cardboard, a bucket and three little boxes which had no bottoms.

"Gentlemen," said the little man, shifting the boxes over the white square and imprisoning the bucket under one of them. "I have here a new gamble. I take it you are from New York, where people like new gambles. Have a try at this. I'll bet you \$5 you can't locate the shot."

The Meathound skinned a \$5 note from his roll, located the shot, took the little man's \$5 and grinned. The other three real interested and fumbled with their money. The little man smiled enticingly. It seemed too good to be true that here were four young men who were never heard of the shell game. It seemed to him a real shame to take the money, but he had his family to think of.

Tomato Face bet, lifted one of the little boxes and there was the shot. Young Poole tried it and won. After that there was nothing doing. The little man's hands played over the game with an apparent awkwardness and yet so swiftly that the bucketshot was never where it ought to be. Young Poole went broke. The Meathound's roll was depleted and Leuse dropped a week's profits. They quit when the train pulled into the station at Jersey City. The little man ducked off the train with a sad smile and lost himself in the crowd.

"Oh, we'll get it back," said the Meathound yesterday. "It's a dead easy game. Any mut could figure it out if he had time. I know where to find that man and the next time we'll skin him."

"Don't," said the ex-Alderman. "You talk like a man with a paper knee. That's the good old amusement of the pea and the walnut shells. It's 7,000 years old if it's a day. Came from Egypt when Moses died. When I was a kid that game was only brought out at county fairs, or when the circus hit Poughkeepsie. You let it alone and stick to a gamble you know something about."

"Take it from me," said the ex-Alderman impressively. "Never try to beat a man at his own game. That little thimble game is learning how to manipulate pea shells and handle the pea. He's an authority and an expert. Just let this be a tip to you that you New York kids ain't as fly as you think you are."

"Mike," frowning at the bartender, "why don't you attend to the old lady with the growler? Dey want her running around to the Dutchman's with her trade? Get busy now."

## SCHOOL TEACHERS WIN STRIKE.

Board Pays Two Months Salaries and Promises to Pay the Remainder Due.

WILKESBARR, Pa., March 22.—The school teachers of Pittston township, who dismissed their schools and went on strike last Monday because the school board had failed for several months to pay their wages, have won the strike.

They were notified to-day that they will be paid for two months to-morrow and that the remaining balance will be given to them in a few days. The taxpayers' association of this county took up the cause of the teachers and warned the directors that unless the teachers were paid action to oust the directors from office would be started.

The directors capitulated, and are now busy floating a bond issue of \$15,000. The school board owes some of the teachers as much as \$900.

## REMBRANDT? DON'T KNOW OF IT.

## Metropolitan Director and Curator Haven't Voted for \$200,000 Fund.

All the daily newspapers in town received on Wednesday night an anonymous type-written communication telling of a great art discovery. It was that of a lost Raphael, the "Madonna of the Pink," and two women, one described as an "expert in antiques," were mentioned as having found this wonderful lost painting. The communication went on:

"Through the courtesy of Sir Purdon Clarke they had it examined by the Museum of Art, where it would be a most valuable addition."

It was further explained that the picture had been in the possession of "an old New York family" for fifty years and that once, "at the request of J. P. Morgan," it had been exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum.

"Oh, yes," all the newspapers got them. "I was called up in the middle of the night to talk about it. Well, we get 'genuine Raphaels' by the hundred, you know. As to this one, let me say I never heard a thing about it. I don't know anything of it, never heard of those women, but I do know that we never set any stamp of approval on such a picture. Knowing nothing about it, of course I can't say whether it's genuine or a fraud or whether some game is being played."

Roger E. Fry, head of the Metropolitan's paintings department, was likewise mystified. He said:

"I can't tell you anything about it. Lots of pictures are sent in here. Whether I've seen this one I can't say. This much I can say. If I ever rejected a real Raphael I'd know the reason why. I don't know these women. I can't say I ever saw the picture. There you are!"

Nevertheless if any one wants to buy this picture he can get it if he wishes to pay \$100,000. Not that's the first price; it went up to \$200,000 a few minutes later as the woman expert talked about it to a SUN reporter. It is genuine? Of course. But the Metropolitan Museum authorities said they had never heard of it and did not know that they have ever seen it.

"Indeed," said the expert. Then she said the picture was not signed and that it was about 24 by 30 inches in size. To the inquiry where it was she said:

"We will not show it to any one but prospective purchasers, and to them only by special appointment after they have been fully identified."

"And you said the price was \$100,000?"

"The price is \$200,000."

## TRAPS MISSING HUSBANDS.

"Prof." Hochman Starts a New East Side Industry at Cut Rates.

Mrs. Sadie Goldstein, who has been visiting Essex Market police court daily for several weeks in an effort to secure the arrest of her husband, Jacob, who she claims has abandoned her, rushed into the court room yesterday morning breathlessly and asked the Magistrate for a policeman.

"He is going to be at the corner of Ridge and Delancey streets at 10 o'clock," she said.

"How do you know?" queried the Magistrate.

"Prof. Hochman, the mind reader, told me so, and he said he would give me \$50 if my husband isn't there."

"It's really absurd, Madame, but I'll send an officer," said the Magistrate.

A crowd of curious spectators, for it was alimony day, always a crowded day in that court, trailed the woman and the policeman to their destination. As they neared the corner the woman spied "her snake" and shouted to the policeman:

"Look! He's here! He's here! He's here!" When the prisoner was brought before the Magistrate the latter gave an exclamation of wonder. "Funny," said the least, "Jacob meekly admitted his guilt and was summarily placed under \$800 bonds to pay \$3 a week."

The woman spread the news of her source of information and imparted the fact that owing to the dull Lenten season the "Professor" was willing to cut rates. In a short time the oracle's studio, a small room on the upper floor of a Rivington street tenement house, became crowded with men. Missing husbands seemed numerous.

"Venus is in the ascendant; husbands beware!" the prophet was saying, drawing out a long scroll and pointing to a beard. His abode resembles a large, ramshackle museum. Lying about on all sides were old swords and strange looking books and there were a few human skulls. The walls, blackened by smoke and age, were embellished with charts of the hand. There were also a few religious pictures, as the "Plan of Luck" and numerous "charm" giving relics. Everything was ancient except the up to date words on a new sign:

"I locate husbands quick and cheap."

## JURY AGAINST CONDON.

Verdict That Taxed Banker Must Give Back \$18,000 and Interest.

A verdict for \$18,000, with interest from June, 1900, was rendered yesterday by a jury in the Supreme Court, in favor of Anna B. Bliss, wife of William H. Bliss, formerly United States District Attorney at St. Louis, and against Thomas A. Condon, banker, who lives at Tuxedo. The verdict represented what Bliss paid Condon for 300 shares of stock of the Fireproofing Company, of which Condon is treasurer.

From the testimony it appeared that in June, 1900, Bliss was told that there was a chance to "get in on the ground floor" of the Fireproofing Company by purchasing 300 shares of stock at \$60 a share. The information came from Herbert Jacques, a Boston architect, who told him to see Condon.

Condon, Bliss alleged, said that he would sell the treasury stock (as a great bargain, because the company needed working capital) at \$60 for the preferred shares, and half a bonus of half a common share thrown in. So Bliss took 300 preferred at that price, and got 150 common besides.

Then he became a director of the concern, and Bliss took stock from Abraham Jacobson, who invented the fireproofing process. Condon had cleared \$15,000 cash and still had 150 common shares left on the transaction. Bliss had turned the stock over to his wife, and suit was brought in her name against Condon.

Condon's defense was that Bliss knew all about it. It was his own stock he was selling, and not treasury stock. It took the jury only half an hour to find for Mrs. Bliss in the full amount.

On the passenger list of the North German Lloyd liner König Albert, which arrived yesterday from Naples, were:

Dr. and Mrs. Kroll, Prof. and Mrs. Laquien, Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Monchberg, Dr. and Mrs. A. Grotzer, Dr. and Mrs. Julius Reiss, George Herwarth, Lieut.-Col. Schwedler and Dr. C. H. Richardson.

Sailing to-day on the White Star liner Celtic for Liverpool are:

A. Hamilton, the Hon. L. Melvin Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kesseler, Mrs. John Mallick, James McIntyre, Sir Thomas Shaugbnessy, R. W. Southern, Dr. J. A. Todd and Oliver T. Wilson.

Aboard the Atlantic Transport Line steamer Mesaba, which arrived yesterday from London, were:

William P. Bates, Augustus Barrett, E. D. Carder, Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Ingram and George A. Shannon.

## BACK TO THE ACADEMY NOW

## JOHN LA FARGE RECALLS THE REVOLT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Society of American Artists Has Grown Conservative Itself With Years and Now It Leaves Room for the Younger Painters to Begin the Work Over Again.

John La Farge pronounced yesterday the valedictory for the Society of American Artists, which amalgamates from now on with the National Academy of Design and is holding its last exhibition. Mr. La Farge had to stop to think just how long he had been president of the society; he thinks that it was about five years; but he was vice-president for a long time before that.

"It is a good exhibition," he said, "a good one to go out with. In some respects it is the best we ever had. The range is wider. There are more methods represented. Take for example the influence of Italy on the last group of young men who have been studying abroad—the direct influence of the old Italian masters. That was plain and noticeable in this exhibition, where two years ago the influence was all modern. American painting has broadened."

"The work of the society is done. It was needed in its time. It was a protest of new men against conservatism. Now that it has grown old and somewhat conservative itself there is room for a new group of painters to start the work all over again. I am telling that to young painters now."

"I was not quite in at the beginning of the movement, but I was in sympathy with it and I saw the cause which led to it. A good deal of the trouble centered about Whistler. The academy had grown conservative. We of the younger generation, most of us educated in art abroad, recognized Whistler for what he really was. That year Chase was rejected, Saint Gaudens was rejected, and Whistler, who submitted a characteristic canvas—not one of his best, but a Whistler—was hung away up over a door and withdrawn in disgust. Probably they didn't like Whistler personally, but we maintained that liking should have nothing to do with a question of his art. Then Chase, I believe, had something which the academy didn't like. As for Saint Gaudens, he always had a just appreciation, as he had a right to have, of his own work, and he was not pleased, you may be sure."

"There were other causes. The greater number of the academicians had a certain prejudice against such of us as had received our art education on the Continent and in Europe. On the other hand, they were doing nothing to promote art education in this country. There was a school, in which the students practically elected the teachers. The academy had a fund for a school, which it was not using, although there had been talk of an amalgamation with Cooper Union. We wanted a school. They had something to do with the meeting at Mrs. Gilder's in 1877, at which the Society of American Artists was formed."

The first exhibition of the society brought out canvases by Whistler, Chase, Inness, La Farge, Thomas Moran and Homer D. Martin.

"Well, we grew somewhat conservative ourselves," continued Mr. La Farge. "And the circle of time swung full turn for Whistler. A few years ago Mr. Freese offered me an exhibition of Whistler's paintings. There arose some complication caused by a conflict of authority over hanging, and Mr. Freese withdrew them. There was a letter full of vitriol, the kind of letter that he could write. I wrote back to him—it must have been one of the last letters he ever wrote before he died—reminding him that the society came about mainly because one of his early canvases was badly hung."

"I myself had been working for the amalgamation for about six years. We had been growing together, and there were many reasons why we would be stronger united, but we had no good reason for remaining apart. You see, part of the academy plan is to have a great art building somewhere in New York. I don't need to tell you that it is hard to find a place for such a building now. There is a promise of help from certain rich people, but we need all the money we can get. There had to be some modification of their rules to fit the spirit of our rules, and we've yet to find whether it will work. You know, I among others insisted from the first on raising reaction to the matter of juries, in order to give the widest possible variety of taste and to prevent undue conservatism in looking at books and there was a member would serve on a jury at one time or another."

"I was in the academy before the society was formed. It worked who, as a young member, fought through the principle that an academical could not be excluded. I told the older members then that I was doing it in our case of the younger men, but for them. For a young man, once he has won his place and perfected his style, should always be sure of a place; but a man who is growing frequently changes his style and style in later life. That was the case, as you know, with Turner. His utter change of method in middle life is one of the turning points of art in the nineteenth century. It happens often that a man makes such a change into a method that is likely to be new and fresh and greater than his earlier work, but which will not be recognized at first any more than the work of a young Whistler is recognized. I carried it through on their behalf, not on ours."

"It's a long time ago, and one may speak freely of it now as he couldn't then. And now we have grown up and amalgamated with the very society which we were formed to oppose, and there is a grand chance for the young and original men who are struggling for recognition to do the same thing."

## MONEY IN THE AIR.

Lively Chase After the Nimble Dollar Amid the Flatiron Breezes.

There was money literally given to the winds on Fifth avenue yesterday afternoon when a woman came out of the Second National Bank on the corner of Twenty-third street and dropped a large roll of greenbacks. A gale swept around from the Flatiron Building and scattered the money in all directions.

In an instant hundreds of cabmen, policemen, plain ordinary men, boys and a few women joined in a chase after the bills. Mounted policemen regulating the traffic on Twenty-third street dug their spurs into their horses and pursued fugitive dollars up and down the avenue. Between them all they gathered a considerable amount of the money up.

A policeman John Day of the traffic squad caught two men running down Twenty-third street with some of the money that they had picked up. He replevined the cash and let the men run on. One of them found a \$2 bill nestling on the rim of his hat. He promptly gave it to the woman.

Messenger boys, fifty strong, helped chase the money. There was a great deal of rivalry among them to see who would get the most in the shortest time. A little fellow about 10 years old won out. When he had handed his money to the woman he wouldn't say whether he had received a reward or not.

Two or three motormen on the Broadway cars caught bills which were blown to the platforms. They returned them promptly. Finally a woman got all her money except a few small bills, and she walked down to the Sixth avenue elevated station and went uptown. She refused to give her name.

## Legal Aid Benefit Receipts \$5,500.

The monthly meeting of the board of directors of the Legal Aid Society was held at the office of the president, Arthur von Briesen, 46 Wall street, yesterday afternoon. Louis Windmiller, the treasurer, reported that about \$5,500 had been realized as a result of the benefit performance of "Hansel and Gretel," given on the evening of March 15.

In his preface to "The Well of the Saints" Mr. Yeats writes of Mr. J. M. Synge and his plays. He met him six years ago staying in a student's hotel in the Latin Quarter in Paris. He had been living in France and Germany, reading the literature of those

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Lady's Pictorial in an article on "Petticoats in Parliament" says that Sir Charles Dilke's proposal that woman should not only have the suffrage but be eligible as well for election to Parliament has taken away the breath of even the most ardent female suffragists. The bill which he hopes to introduce this session will of course be rejected, but it is the boldest measure of its nature ever brought forward.

"It is startling to think what it implies," continues the English writer. "It is almost paralyzing to ponder on what may ultimately come of it if it ever passes. For it comes to this, that if Sir Charles Dilke's proposal should be accepted at any time there would be no barrier to woman's election to the position now occupied by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, which is absurd!"

The Gentlewoman is responsible for the statement that vigorous efforts are being made to revive the art of conversation in England and that professional conversationalists are to be employed to stimulate small talk at the tables of the wealthy—people who have the knack, as Emerson put it, of making other "say things they never thought to have said."

"She had no real conversation," was the excuse given by a young man in a police court for jilting his sweetheart, which goes to prove that it is not only in the upper social circles that the fine art of talking is appreciated.

Mrs. Stewart Erskine's "Beautiful Women in History and Art" impresses the fact that had nature been less bountiful to these women, whose beauty will be a joy forever through the medium of art, they would have enjoyed happier lives. The sorrows of the world seem bound up in this book of beauty as one turns over the pictures of such women as Anne Boleyn, Mary Queen of Scots, Henrietta Maria, Mme. de Maintenon, the ill-fated Josephine and Lady Hamilton, and remembers how fatal was their gift of loveliness.

With the publication of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "A Diplomatic Adventure," which comes out next month in book form, eighteen books of fiction stand to the Philadelphia College of Physicians. At 27 Weir Mitchell offered his first book, a small volume of poems, and was advised by Oliver Wendell Holmes to withdraw his verses and reconsider them at 40. At 76 the prolific writer has finished his latest story.

It is interesting to read concerning American hospitality in an English review of Mrs. John Lane's "Charmagne Standard."

"We are glad to renew acquaintance in some of her pages with that type of American hospitality which is at once refined, unostentatious and generous. It is a form largely experienced by voyagers across the Atlantic, but so far too seldom recognized in discussions on the subject."

The collected library edition of the poems and plays of Mr. W. B. Yeats, unavoidably delayed in publication, will appear later in the spring. The author is now ranked as one of the heralds of the new dawn in English literature, an important factor in the matter of the imperials to writing. "Mr. Yeats," says a recent writer on the subject, "is at the heart of that national revival in life and literature which in the past few years has made Ireland on the remote boundaries of Europe, the centre of one of the few living and compelling movements of the age."

Mr. Charles F. Holder's exploits with his sharks—diving among them to frigate them, enticing them about his boat with blood to study the sturgeon, his capture of giants single handed, suggest that there are adventures in angling quite as exciting as tiger hunting from the top of a big elephant, and that the "Log of a Sea Angler" must have some thrilling pages for the lover of sport.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, the author of "An Island in the Air," has written a new book under the title of "The Life of Animals," which portrays the affairs of four footed furry creatures, their ancestry, their place in nature, their means of making a living and their characteristics and accomplishments in general.

An "Anthology of French Poetry: From the Time of Froissart up to the Beginning of the Present Century" has been compiled by Mr. Frederick Lawton and will be published shortly. The volume claims to be fairly representative of French poetic literature from the age of Villon down to the beginning of our own century.

Mr. Bliss Perry, the editor of the Atlantic Monthly and author of "The Amateur Spirit," &c., has been appointed professor of English literature at Harvard University. This professorship has been vacant for twenty years and was formerly held by George Ticknor, Longfellow and Lowell. Mr. Perry will continue the editorship of the Monthly, which he has held since 1899.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" has gone into a new printing—the 165th thousand. Sara Cone Bryant's "How to Tell Stories" is reported in its fourth edition, and "The Chief American Poets," by C. H. Page, is in its third edition.

"Inorganic Chemistry," by Prof. Alexander Smith of the University of Chicago, is being translated into German, and applications are pending for its translation into Spanish and other languages.

Sigora Jessie White Mario, who died recently in Florence, was an ardent supporter of the Italian revolutionary movement, the author of a life of Garibaldi, published at Milan, and the editor of the letters of Mazzini. The story of her life and work, which was arranged for some years ago, is sufficiently advanced for publication and will be brought out in England. It should be of abundant interest for its memoirs of Mazzini and other notable men.

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## THE TRIUMPHS OF EUGENE VALMONT

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countries and wishing to become a writer, but had nothing to show except impressions, late efforts which Mr. Yeats pronounces "full of that kind of morbidity that has its root in too much brooding over methods of expression and ways of looking upon life which come out of life but out of literature—images reflected from mirror to mirror." Mr. Yeats advised Mr. Synge to go to Arran Island and live there like one of the people, expressing a life that has never found expression. Mr. Synge went to Arran. Mr. Yeats continues:

And became a part of its life, living upon salt fish and eggs, talking Irish for the most part, but listening also to the beautiful English that has grown up in Irish-speaking districts, and takes its vocabulary from the time of Malory and of the translators of the Bible, but its idioms and its metaphors from Irish. His plays "The Shadow of the Glen" and "The Well of the Saints" are the result. Said Mr. Yeats: "Above all he made word and phrase dance to a very strange rhythm."

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